

The world is a beautiful place...

The world is a beautiful place to be born into if you don't mind happiness not always being so very much fun, if you don't mind a touch of hell now and then just when everything is fine, because, even in heaven, they don't sing all the time.

The world is a beautiful place to be born into if you don't mind some people dying all the time or maybe only starving some of the time, which isn't half so bad if it isn't you. Oh, the world is a beautiful place to be born into if you don't mind a few dead minds in the higher places or a bomb or two in your upturned faces or such other improprieties as our Name Brand society is prey to, with its men of distinction and its men of extinction and its priests and other patrolmen and its various segregations and congressional investigations and other constipations that our fool flesh is heir to.

Yes, the world is the best place for a lot of such things such as making the fun scene and making the love scene and making the sad scene and singing low songs and having inspirations and walking around looking at everything and smelling flowers and goosing statues and even thinking and kissing people and making babies and wearing pants and waving hats and dancing and going swimming in rivers on picnics in the middle of the summer and just generally "living it up."

Yes, but right in the middle of it comes the smiling mortician.

(Lawrence Ferlinghetti, 1958)

This was quoted in Cauthen, Kenneth (1997). *The Many Faces of Evil: Reflections on the Sinful, the Tragic, the Demonic, and the Ambiguous*, Lima, Ohio: C.S.S. Publishing Co.